

THE ARTELL

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2, 1830.

NO. 12

BIOGRAPHY.

From the New York Courier.

J. FRANCIS KNAPP, THE FELON.

John Francis Knapp, recently convicted as surviving principal in the murder of Captain White, of Salem, is old in guilt and criminality, though young in years, being at the present moment scarcely twenty years old. He is a native of Salem, received his education at a good school in that town, but did not develop any of his evil propensities till he had reached his sixteenth year. At school he exhibited rather superior faculties to the ordinary run of school boys—was not particularly remarkable for any traits of character, but rather quiet and unpretending. About the age of sixteen he left school, and commenced his career in the world by a very characteristic adventure.

During the latter part of his term at school, he became acquainted with Richard and George Crownshield, who then occasionally made lively excursions into Salem and the neighborhood, from their residence in Danvers. Richard was then about 22 years of age, of a lively, daring, dashing character. They did not, however, frequent that class of society in Salem, which may be reckoned the first, although they were connected by blood with the most respectable and fashionable people in their own neighborhood. Frank Knapp, for he is generally called by that name in Salem, and is best known by it, was on the verge that separates boyhood from manliness, full of latent spirit and daring, though cold and distant to all but his associates, and not easily intimidated or excited unless by an effort, but when excited, violent to an extreme. Before this period the Crownshields had seen the world, tasted of its sweets, and found that there were inducements for them to transgress the laws of society in attaining their own enjoyment.

It was in the year 1827 that they projected a trip to New York, sometime, we believe in the month of May. There was some difficulty in procuring funds to make the journey. This it is believed was obviated by holding forth inducements to Frank Knapp to accompany them—to taste the pleasures of society, and to seek adventures suited to their peculiar tastes and wishes. Frank could not or would not resist the desire he had to see the world and enjoy a little of the high seasoned pleasures the Crownshields presented to his imagination. He was however destitute of funds, nor could his associates at that time furnish his pockets with the needful.

At this period the father of Frank was doing a prosperous commercial business, in which we believe the elder brother was concerned. From an apartment in which some money was put for safe keeping, Frank very unceremoniously abstracted about \$200 or more, put it in his pocket, and told his father "I believe I shall spend election week in Boston." The young man then started with the two Crownshields, came to Boston, but soon made their way to New York. In this city they put up at one of our then fashionable hotels in Broadway—sported themselves as well as possible—attended the theatre, sought such pleasures as they had a taste for—and initiated Frank into the mysteries of their vagabonding kind of life. It will be recollected, however, that the taste of these *chevaliers* was somewhat low and coarse. Richard being,

though a strong-minded, acute, cunning man, not particularly refined either by education or society. They might be reckoned in this city a sort of third or fourth rate young men of pleasure, who, to supply an empty purse would prefer broad robbery to fashionable forgery, or a piece of swindling. Frank admired the pleasures furnished by New York, gave a loose to the impetuosity of his character—showed his firmness, his imperturbable command of countenance and feelings in a variety of little anecdotes which were related, and circulated among his associates at Salem.

At last, the funds which were principally furnished by the first felony of Frank upon his father, became low, and the little band of brothers were soon reduced to the extremity of procuring supplies by stretching forth their hands a little contrary to law. They did so, and were not discovered for some time, being principally under the guidance of Richard. They committed their villainies with great address. They lived in separate Hotels.—One of the gang would look out for plunder at the house in which he resided, but he touched nothing. His associate from another Hotel, was invited to see him—information communicated where to find the property, and the non-resident stole from the Hotel of the resident. By this means detection was difficult. This was their system, and they had practised upon it very successfully before they were discovered by our police.

From this city they went to the Springs, and remained a short time. We believe they had to decamp rather hastily. In August of that same year, (1827) they returned to Broadway, and commenced their system anew. It was during this period of the excursion, that they committed several thefts—were apprehended—and had their names enrolled on the books of the New York Police Office. This enrollment is dated August 9, 1827, and contains the names of Richard Crownshield, his brother George, and Knapp, who passed by the aliases of George J. Brown and Joseph Fisher. One of the party had stolen a gold watch at the Franklin House, another a gold chain of Mr. Rockwell, in Broadway, while looking at his wares. The chain was found in one of the apartments in the American Hotel. Both the Crownshields were then put in Bridewell, and Fisher alias Knapp, in a private conversation with one of the Police officers, gave such accounts, that this memorandum was written after their names in the police books—"noted thieves from Salem, Mass. Fisher tells all about them."

It required the greatest ingenuity of Richard to extricate himself and his acquaintance. Yet it was accomplished. When Frank returned to Salem, which was immediately on the heels of the adventure here, he was severely taken to task by his father and friends. His deception, his trick, and his theft of the money, were, however, concealed from the world, and attempts were made to reclaim him from his course by sending him to sea. Frank went to sea several voyages, and gave such evidence of his sobriety, attention to duty, and perseverance of character, that his friends believed a complete reformation had been effected. He continued so for a year, giving promises of becoming a useful man and a useful member of society, notwithstanding his first lapses. About a year ago he left the sea, probably from the depressed state of commerce, and the decay of trade experienced in Salem. This reduced him to compara-

tive idleness, and threw him a second time into the society of the Crownshields, who then lived in Danvers, and carried on a sort of a machine and whitesmith's shop, for making and constructing the iron work of stages, wagons, and such like articles. This business of the Crownshields, was principally made a feint for the prosecution of dangerous plans for the procurement of funds whenever they were in want of them. Secret predatory expeditions were frequently made into the surrounding towns and villages, in which Frank became a partner and associate. Yet in all his villainy, the leader of the gang, Richard, took particular pains to enforce the strictest rules, and severest discipline, which he deemed necessary to success. It is said in Salem, that Richard was in the habit of saying—"No one shall belong to our set who does not adhere to cold water—spirits must be abstained from altogether."

It was only during the moments of relaxation, when all danger was distant, that the pleasures of the bottle were indulged in; and even then they say, "no one ever saw Richard Crownshield the worse for liquor." He was believed to be extremely temperate and abstemious, and insisted that his adherents should be equally so. Some young fellows in Danvers used to call the set "Dick Crownshield's Temperance Society."

The connexion which Frank Knapp had with the murder of Captain White, has been told in the recent reports of his trials. He was the only individual of the gang whose iron nerves and unflinching countenance rivalled Richard's. He had accompanied him to the house of Captain White—participated in the foul act, is now convicted most justly, and will suffer the punishment due to his great crime. In prison he remonstrated against the proposed confession of his brother—characterised him as weak, wicked, and being the sole instigator of the foul deed—"I told him," said he, "that it was a silly business, and would bring us into trouble." During his trial he exhibited most stoical indifference to every proceeding. In challenging the first jury, he exhibited considerable tact in the selection. He showed a decided preference to seafaring, weather-beaten men, of hard features and honest countenances. The foreman, who is said to have differed with ten of the other jurors, had as fine, open, and honest a face, as we ever beheld. Any man, however, being from Salem, was challenged instantly—"I challenge him," said Knapp in a firm voice, and he was forthwith set aside.

Such characters as Richard Crownshield and John Francis Knapp—cool, daring, and fearless—possessing talents of a certain kind, without any sympathy for society, or obedience to its just and wholesome laws, are the most dangerous and injurious to every well regulated community. Vice and villainy, simple and unaccompanied by any relieving quality, create unqualified detestation—it is the mixed composition that is most deleterious.

A PARIMONIUS MAN.—The man who is little in little things, is a sharp and severe master; it is but in matters of small moment that he is known to his servants; and what need they care for his generosity in gold when he is hard in silver? He who is cautious about bits of wood—eloquent in the art of bargaining about brooms—severe in exacting his penny-worth of toil from those he employs,

is to all intents and purposes a parsimonious man, let him gild his name with public bequests as brightly as he pleases. It is by his daily conduct and habitual expenses that his character for generosity or parsimony must be estimated. There may be other reasons, for putting one's name into benevolent subscriptions; but nature speaks out in private; and he who is truly generous will feel for the lowly, and be ready to aid the distressed and the deserving, though unseen of others. The man who is readier with a sermon than with sixpence to the medicant at his gate—who is so pious himself that he is afraid of encouraging profligacy by giving alms to beggars of suspicious morality—who stints his table lest excess of creature-comforts should beget pride and lasciviousness in his household, and is austere and harsh to his dependants, lest by mildness he might make them forget they are servants—may be a very respectable sort of person, and of good repute to the world; yet he is but an indifferent Christian, let his attendance at church or a meeting-house be as punctual as it may.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.—Religion in a sailor, (I mean by the term, a common seaman) is more of an active than a passive feeling. It does not consist in reflection or self-examination. It is in externals that his respect to the Deity is manifest. Witness the Sunday on board of a man-of-war. The care with which the decks are washed, the hauling taut and neat coiling down the ropes, the studied cleanliness of the person, most of which duties are performed on other days, but on this day are executed with an extra precision and attention on the part of the seamen, because it is *on Sunday*.—Then the quiet decorum voluntarily observed; the attention to Divine Service which would be a pattern to a congregation on shore; the little knots of men collected in the afternoon between the guns, listening to one who reads some serious book, or the solitary quartermaster poring over his thumbed testament, as he communes with himself, all prove that sailors have a deep rooted feeling of religion.—The Sunday on board a man-of-war has another advantage over the Sabbath on shore. It is hallowed throughout. It commences with respect and reverence, and it ends with the same. There is no ale-house to resort to, where the men may become intoxicated, no allurements of the senses to disturb the calm repose of the mind, and the practical veneration of the day, which bestows upon it a moral beauty.

ROYALTY FROM A BREWHOUSE.—During the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London, in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brewhouse. The brewer observing a good looking girl in his occupation, took her into his family as a servant maid, and shortly after married her; but he died whilst she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a skilful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, (who was afterwards the Earl of Clarendon,) finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., the mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

SELECT TALES.

ROMANTIC STORY.

The Rev. R. Warner in his *Literary Recollections*, relates a short but romantic story respecting a Miss Nancy Bere. This young lady was, at an early age, adopted by Mr. Hackman and his lady, under the following circumstances:—“Her (Mrs. H’s) garden, in which alone she found particular pleasure, stood in need, as usual in the spring season, of an active weeder: and so John, the footman, was despatched to the poor-house, to select a little pauper girl, qualified for the performance of this necessary labor. He executed his commission in a trice; brought back a diminutive female of eight or nine years of age, pointed out the humble task in which she was to employ herself, and left her to her work. The child, alone amid the flowers, began to ‘warble her native wood-notes wild,’ in tones of more than common sweetness.—Mrs. Hackman’s chamber window happened to be thrown up: she heard the little weeder’s solitary song; was struck with the rich melody of her voice, and inquired from whom it proceeded. ‘Nancy Bere, from the poor-house,’ was the answer. By Mrs. Hackman’s order the songstress was immediately brought to the lady’s apartment; who became so pleased at this first interview, with her *naïveté*, intelligence, and apparently amiable disposition, that she determined to remove the warbling Nancy from the workhouse, and attach her to her own kitching establishment. The little maiden, however, was too good and attractive to be permitted to remain long in the subordinate condition of es-ecuillon’s deputy. Mrs. Hackman soon preferred her to the office of lady’s maid; and, to qualify her the better for this attendance on her person, had her carefully instructed in all the elementary branches of education. The intimate intercourse that now subsisted between the patroness and her *protege*, quickly ripened into the warmest affection on the one part, and the most grateful attachment on the other. Nancy Bere was attractively lovely; and still more irresistible, from an uncommon sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and feminine softness of character; and Mrs. Hackman, whose regard for her daily increased, proposed, at length, to her complying husband, that they should adopt the pauper orphan as their own daughter.—From the moment of the execution of this plan, every possible attention was paid to the education of Miss Bere; and, I presume with the best success, as I have always understood that she became a highly accomplished young lady. Her humility and modesty, however, never forsook her, and her exaltation in Mr. Hackman’s family seemed only to strengthen her gratitude to her partial and generous benefactress. It could not be thought such ‘a flower’ as the adopted beauty.

“Was born to blush unseen.
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

or that, however retired her life might be, Miss Bere would remain long the beloved *protege* of Mr. and Mrs. Hackman, without being remarked, admired, and solicited to change her name. Very shortly, indeed, after assuming this character, such an event occurred; though without, at that time, producing any propitious result. A clergyman of respectable appearance had taken lodgings in Lymington, for the purpose of autumnal bathing, and amusing himself with a little partridge shooting. The hospitable Mr. Hackman, ever attracted towards a brother sportsman, by a sort of magnetic influence called upon the stranger; shot with him, and invited him to his house. The invitations were repeated and accepted, as often as the shooting days recurred; nor had many taken place, ere their natural effect on a young, unmarried clerk, was produced. He became deeply enamored of Miss Bere, and offered her his hand. She, for aught I know, might have been ‘nothing loth’ to change the condition of a recluse, for the more active character of a clergyman’s wife; but, as the gentleman had no possession

save his living, and as Mr. Hackman could not, out of a life estate, supply Miss Bere with a fortune, it was judged prudent under these pecuniary circumstances, that she should decline the honor of the alliance. A year elapsed without the parties having met, and it was generally imagined that Lethe had kindly administered an oblivious potion to both, and, with the aid of absence, had obliterated from their minds the remembrance of each other. But such was not the case. At the ensuing partridge season, the gentleman returned to Lymington; and, with the title of ‘very reverend’ prefixed to his name, (for he had obtained a deanery in the interval,) once more repeated his solicitations and his offers. These (as there was now no obstacle to the marriage) were accepted. The amiable pair were united, and lived, for many years, sincerely attached to each other; respected, esteemed, and beloved by all around them. The death of the husband dissolved, at length, the happy connexion. His lady survived her loss for some time; and a few years ago, the little warbling pauper, Nancy Bere, of Lymington workhouse, quitted this temporal being, the universally lamented widow of the Right Reverend Thos. Thurloe, Palatine Bishop of Durham.

MISCELLANY.

From a late English Paper.

MEMOIR OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

Her Majesty the Queen Consort of these realms, is the daughter of George Frederick Charles, Duke of Saxe Cobburgh Meinengen, by Louisa Eleonora, a daughter of Christian Albert Lewis, Prince of Hohenlo-Laugenburgh. Her Majesty was born on the 13th of August, 1792, and was baptized by the name of Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia. In 1803 her Majesty lost her excellent father, who died at the early age of 42, and with her only brother, the present Duke of Saxe Meinengen, and her sister, Ida, Duchess of Saxe Weimar Eisenach, was left under the guardianship of her mother, the Duchess, who, by her husband’s last will, was left Regent of the Duchy, and guardian of his children. Under this noble and amiable woman, the children were educated in great retirement at Meinengen, the capital of the small principality, and with a care and attention to their morals and improvement in every branch of polite learning, that does the highest credit to her virtues and character. This excellent Princess is still alive, and last year spent several weeks with her daughter in England. From earliest childhood the Queen was remarkable for her sedate and rather reserved habits. Her whole time was devoted to her studies, and though naturally of a cheerful and lively disposition amongst her more intimate associates, she took no pleasure in the gaieties or frivolities of fashion; and even when arrived at more mature years, showed an utter detestation for that laxity of morals and contempt for religious feelings which had sprung out of the Revolution in France, and had found their way into almost every petty Court in Germany.

The Court of Meinengen was, happily, too insignificant to attract much of the notice of the Emperor of the French. It was not thought necessary either to attempt the corruption by his profligate emissaries, or to quell its existence by his arm of power; consequently the widowed Regent was left in undisturbed possession of her authority, and permitted to educate her children and regulate her Duchy according to her own views and wishes; while almost every other state in Germany became a focus for Atheism and immorality, in consequence of that laxity of principle which France had introduced amongst them. Our late excellent Queen Charlotte had long kept her eye upon this virtuous family, which flourished like an oasis in the great desert of corrupted Germany, had attracted much of her regard and attention; and when her Majesty’s foresight judged it prudent to urge her third and much beloved son the Duke

of Clarence to enter into the wedded state, she strongly pressed upon his attention the only remaining daughter of the House of Meinengen. The younger sister, Ida, had already been married to her cousin Bernard, the second son of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. Accordingly, we believe, his Royal Highness having made the necessary inquiries, and finding the Queen’s recommendation amply confirmed, a regular demand was made of the Princess’s hand in marriage, and in due time a favorable answer returned.

As it was impossible for his Royal Highness to proceed to Germany, the Princess, with her mother, was invited over to England; and on the 11th of July, 1818, the Prince and Princess were married at Kew, in the presence of the Queen and other members of the royal family; and at the same time the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, which had previously taken place in Germany, was performed according to the rites of the Church of England. After the ceremony the Duke and Duchess of Clarence spent a few days in retirement at St. James’s Palace, and then proceeded with a numerous suite to Hanover.—In the capital of that kingdom they spent the winter of 1818 and spring of 1819. Her Royal Highness was soon declared pregnant, and the most happy anticipations were formed of her giving birth to an heir to the Crown of England. In the month of March, however, her Royal Highness caught a severe cold, which ended in a violent pleuritic attack; and in consequence of the treatment necessary to preserve her valuable life, premature labor was induced; and in the seventh month her Royal Highness was delivered of a Princess. The child was small, but well formed and lively, and hopes were for some time entertained of its being able to survive. It was christened on the day of its birth by the names of Elizabeth Adelaide, but expired very soon afterwards, and was interred in the Royal Vault at Hanover, with the remains of the Great Elector, Ernest Augustus, and his grandson George II.

The Duchess’s recovery was slow, but perfect, and a change of air being thought requisite, she proceeded, as soon as she was able to travel, to her natal soil, visiting Gottingen, Hesse, and Philipstall, on the way to Meinengen. The Duke, whose heart was always in England, determined on returning to his beloved Bushy. The Duchess was again pregnant, but the hurry and fatigue of so long a journey was too much for her delicate frame, and at Dunkirk she suffered a miscarriage.—Again the Duchess was declared in the family way, and as every precaution was used, there seemed a fair prospect of her giving birth to a child at the full time. Considerably before the natural period, however, her Royal Highness was taken in labor, and after some suffering was delivered of a fine healthy Princess, perfect, and well formed, though rather under the ordinary size of infants. The child, however, grew, and increased in strength daily to the great joy of the illustrious parents, and of the nation at large. By special desire of the late king, she was christened Elizabeth; but when about three months old, she was seized with a fatal illness, an intussusception of the bowels, which carried her off in a few hours. The Queen is only in her 38th year, and may yet become the mother of many sons and daughters.

ILLINOIS.

The following extract of a letter, dated at Rushville, (in the Military Tract,) Schuyler county, Illinois, July 31st, to a merchant of this city, gives an interesting account of the flourishing condition of that section of our country.—

“Are you aware of the rapid growth of this country? It is surpassing all calculation; little towns are springing up in almost every direction, and the whole country seems to be in a state of the most rapid improvement. It is said by old settlers in Ohio, that it never improved so fast as this. In returning from Car-

rolton, a few days since, I fell in company with a gentleman from Burlington, Vermont; he had come to see the country; he came with me to Beard’s Ferry, or Beardstown, close on the east side of the Illinois river, a little above the base line, say 1 mile, and would come no farther,—said with what information I had given him about the Military Tract, and what he had seen of the country, he was fully satisfied,—he would go home and sell his property and move immediately. He said he should not dare to speak the truth about this country, when he got home—that the people in Vermont would not believe him if he did, because the description would surpass anything that would be credible in his country. The future growth and wealth of this country is hardly to be anticipated.

Considering the extent of country, the superior quality of the soil, the many commercial and agricultural advantages, surrounded by navigable streams or lakes on all sides, the Illinois River (one of the most beautiful streams in the world for navigation) running almost directly through the centre of the State, and when the Canal shall be opened, affording at all times a choice of Northern, Eastern or Southern markets—I say in considering all these advantages, the mind is lost in wonderful amazement, at what must and will be the future destiny of this country—those who live to see fifty years will see splendid cities in Illinois. I mentioned that gentleman from Vermont came with me to Beardstown; that town in November last had 4 or 5 cabins or log houses, and one small frame, and no store—now it has some thirty or forty houses mostly framed, one very large two story brick house, a large steam merchant mill, 4 stores (dry goods) and one book store. Many other towns in the state are increasing quite as rapidly, and all are on the advance—you may think the improvement I mention is not very rapid, because you had a Rochester, a Waterloo, and some other towns in your state spring up like mushrooms in a night—but there is a difference between the countries—one is almost a wilderness, (but for the prairies) without people, without enterprise, without any advantages but what nature has given, and almost without any thing to improve with, while the other is an old settled, and a wealthy country, possessing almost every advantage that nature and art can bestow. I have given you a general view of the present state of improvement in Illinois—the habits and morals of the people are improving quite as fast as the face of the country—society is undergoing a vast change in the western country generally.”

GEORGE THE FOURTH AND NAPOLEON.

The Catskill Recorder in announcing the death of George the Fourth says: It is over; and George the Fourth and Napoleon have met, in that world where to him who trusted in his utmost need to British honor, and to him whose fears would not allow him to exercise that honor, even to a fallen monarch, the measure of Justice will be graduated by desert.

Gentleman George was born to be a sovereign; Napoleon made himself one, by his own unparalleled exertion. The former entered upon his reign, as an heir comes into possession of an old homestead, improved, beautified and fitted for his ease and support, by the aggregate labor of scores of kings before him; the latter as a pennyless adventurer sets himself down in an uncultivated wilderness, and shapes himself out a home from unpruned forests and sterile rocks. The road through which George approached the height of power, was what the mistaken world call pleasure; the same to Napoleon, what the equally erring world denominates glory. One lived a life of licentiousness, trampling under foot all that constitutes man’s true happiness, the hope of another and a better world: the other a life of bloodshed and strife, marring the harmony and felicity of his fellow sojourners in this.—In short, the time is yet to come, when it will

be wisdom to pretend to decide, which of the two lays the strongest claim to the suffrages of posterity, as the greater oppressor, or the greater benefactor of his people.

"The tedious items under our foreign head convey a wise lesson to the citizens of our happy country. When our kings die, they have no noisy successions. Fifteen millions of sovereigns upon one throne have no danger of an interregnum. When our kings die, they are mourned in sincerity—not because they hold sceptres, but because they are men. When our rulers fall by the unerring arm of the king of terrors, they are not mocked with the cold pageantry which is too often used to mark the joy of slaves, who imagine themselves released from bondage, though but for a moment. King William the Fourth, an ominous name it has ever been to England—is now succeeded, not elected, to the sovereignty of an ancient and powerful nation.—What pomp and parade have begun the farce! and what mummary and foolish show is yet to finish the dissembled joy! Who will believe that one man of a thousand rejoices at this accession! To whom is it a triumph, save the dignified lump of vanity who is now made highest of the mighty!—yet how many millions must be extorted from the groans and bloody sweat of the poor to pay for that triumph! We will not say—heaven save our country from a similar degradation: for it is next to blasphemy to believe it a supposable case."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia to his friend in Washington City.

"I have just returned from making an exceedingly interesting and agreeable visit to the small factory established under the auspices of Mr. Duponceau, for reeling and weaving silk. The spirit and patriotism with which this eminent man has endeavored to awaken attention and enterprise, on this important subject, are well known to you. He has spared no trouble, and has been lavish of his money, in order by actual experiment, to demonstrate the truth of his speculations. 20 females are occupied in reeling from the Cocoons; the machinery having been prepared, and the *modus operandi* superintended by Mr. D'Homergue. A splendid specimen is on hand, composed entirely of Pennsylvania silk, dyed in this city, and worked by machinery, in almost all parts, American. It is our NATIONAL FLAG, to be twelve feet in length, and six feet wide. The material, more than half finished at this time, will be beautiful in texture, and most brilliant in coloring; more than half again as light as it could be if made of the best European silk; stronger, and more durable. Mr. Duponceau designs presenting it to Congress, and hopes that its exhibition in the Rotunda, or by the Speaker's chair, may prove as victorious as if planted at the mast head. It will certainly redeem all the pledges he has heretofore given to the public. Altho' I am but little acquainted with the details of this manufacture, and the resources for it in this country, I cannot help a fervent wish that the truly patriotic and disinterested exertions of our great civilian—devoting the last days of his useful and distinguished life, to the service of the country whose cause he espoused during the Revolution—may be urged on, by national encouragement, to early success."

ANECDOTE.—Dr. H. of Massachusetts, in his young days had been a wild fellow, and enacted as many mad pranks as any youth of his time. Among the last of his frolics was that of seizing upon a horse which he found in the highway, tying a pine bush to his tail, mounting on his back and galloping him through the town. In his career he was met by the clergyman of the parish, who said, "John, I thought you had done sowing your wild oats." "So I have, sir," replied the young hair-brain, "and now I am brushing them in."

Mrs. Barney has issued proposals for publishing a literary paper in Baltimore.

NEWSPAPER PRESS IN ENGLAND.—On the demise of the late king, for the purpose of giving in a single paper the history, personal and political of his Majesty, the *Atlas* issued a double sheet, containing 96 columns of closely printed matter. A similar sheet was printed in March, 1829, containing the debates in full on the Catholic question.—For the paper used in printing the last number alone, the *Atlas* paid to government £60 for duty on the weight of paper, and £20 for stamps. The quantity of matter in a single number of this double sheet is equal to that contained in the eleven daily papers in Paris. Compared with a number of the *Daily Journal*, printed one hundred years ago, one column of the *Atlas* is more than equal to the whole of that paper. The *London Weekly Review* says:—

"We have ascertained that, of the *Atlas* printed on the 22d of March, 1829, 20,000 copies were struck off in the space of a few hours; consequently, each sheet offering a printed surface of 40 square feet, 800,000 square feet of printed surface were produced in that time, capable of covering an area of about 20 acres. This number of copies consisted of 320,000 leaves, measuring 16 inches in length, or of 640,000 pages, or of 1,920,000 columns, or of 241,920,000 lines, or 2,419,200,000 words. Assuming, therefore, that an ordinary octavo volume of 500 pages, each of 34 lines, and of 10 words in each line, contains 170,000 words, the presses of the *Atlas* may be said to have printed in the course of a few hours on the day in question, sufficient matter for 14,230 octavo volumes. If the sixteen leaves of each copy be cut out and placed end to end, they would reach from London to Salisbury, and, if each leaf be divided into its respective three columns, and similarly arranged, the printed slip then formed would be sufficient length to go round Middlesex, and the seven surrounding counties."

LITERARY.

The newspaper press has received a sudden impetus within a week or two just passed.—Three new gazettes have sprung up in New York—(our own city is overdone with them, seeing they are no better) the *Tricolor*, devoted to French politics, and issued on the spur of the recent revolution. A second, called *Bell's Life in New York*, edited by Mess. J. W. Bell and W. L. Prall, formerly of the *Trenton True American*. It is devoted, like *Bell's Life* in London, to fun, fashion, frolic, wit, &c. and will no doubt meet with great success, the city of New York containing an abundance of that description of readers who patronise such publications. Mr. Prall's abilities cannot fail to make the paper valuable. The third attempt is *The Standard*, a daily paper.

Mrs. SARAH J. HALE is the author of the successful prize address, for which a premium of fifty dollars was recently offered by the Manager of the Tremont Theatre.

New England Legends.—Messrs. Hammer & Phelps, Hartford, have in press, a volume, in prose and verse, with this title, by J. G. Whittier. In announcing it, the author says:—"We have plunged into the dusty receptacle of ghost-stories and Indian traditions and yellow pamphlets and manuscripts, which like the hand-writing on the wall of Belshazzar, would require a very Daniel to interpret them. But, with good luck, we shall make something of them—old and ragged and uncouth as they are."

Whittier, says the *Boston Traveller*, holds a bold and spirited pen, and we have no doubt will furnish a book worthy of himself and creditable to New England. We hope his publishers will not suffer it to fall silently from the press, by neglecting to afford Editors an opportunity of introducing it to the reading public.

The embellishments to the forthcoming volume of the *Atlantic Souvenir* are said to be unrivalled in this country. We have not seen them yet; but are willing to believe our contemporaries who have.

The *Token* will make its appearance at an early date, improved and beautified in many respects.

We understand that most of the English *Annals* were to be shipped in the Philadelphia packet from Liverpool, on the 8th of September. If it were possible to enhance the beauty of those exquisite volumes, we may rest assured that every thing which genius, skill, and taste could furnish, have been called in requisition to render them even more delightful.

Tanner's Indian Narrative, (a very interesting book, by the way, abounding with graphic sketches of Indian life) is favorably noticed in the last *American Quarterly*. The Editor of that work takes occasion to make these remarks in the course of his review—

"We cannot, however, suppress a deep regret that a day should at last have come—the day decreed by fates—when the American government has found itself under the dire necessity of lending its countenance and authority to the unwilling and all but forcible removal of peaceful and inoffending tribes from the land of their birth, from the soil cherished by them as the inheritance of their fathers, to a remote and unknown territory, hallowed by no recollections of past greatness, enlivened by no appearances of present comforts, endeared by no hopes of future prosperity. Call the system by what name we may, the alternative proposed to the Indians of the southern States to remove beyond the Mississippi, or to submit to the civil jurisdiction of Georgia and Alabama, amounts to a forcible expulsion of the descendants of the very small fraction which they retain of the vast dominions, over which their ancestors roamed in uncontrolled possession, before the white man coveted their broad lands."

Of the article on *Sunday Mails*, in the same number of the *Quarterly*, a full notice will be found in another column. We make room for a very pungent extract, containing an argument strong while it is natural, and entirely convincing, let it be never so common-place—

"These good people who prescribe to others how they shall keep the Sabbath, and are endeavoring to enforce the adoption of their tenets by the compulsion of menacing resolutions, by town meetings, by associations and combinations for the purposes of direct coercion, and by the authority of legislative enactments, would deem themselves and their dearest rights to be outraged beyond endurance, if any such attempts were made to direct and control their opinions and conduct. Should they be required by such means to do on Sunday what they believe ought not to be done, or what they do not choose to do; if they were to be told that the true construction of the Mosaic law is, that the Sabbath should be kept as a day of festivity and gladness, and not by gloomy lectures and religious worship, and they should be ordered by an act of Congress to deport themselves accordingly; to shut up their churches and give over preaching and praying, which darkens the joyousness of the festival, we should at once hear the loud clamour of oppression, intolerance, and an unconstitutional interference with the freedom of opinion and the rights of conscience.—And so it would be. But it never occurs to them that they are exercising the same tyranny over the freedom of opinion and the rights of conscience, when they prohibit others from doing what they as truly and conscientiously believe to be innocent and useful. Whether the constraint, in such cases, is applied to compel me to do what I disapprove, or to prevent me from doing what I think right and beneficial, the interference is equally unjust and unauthorized. On all questions of religious belief—of the obligations of religious duty, we hold ourselves to be protected, by our Constitution and institutions, from the dominion and dictation of man. If there be any thing guaranteed to us by our

civil compact, this is pre-eminently so. But men, honest and sincere men, become so absorbed and infatuated with their own notions of right and wrong, that they cannot persuade themselves there can be an honest and safe difference with them; and it does not occur to them that they are doing the greatest wrong, by forcing their opinions and conduct upon others."

Census.—Thirteen towns in Ohio give an increase of 5000, or 63 per cent. It is supposed that Ohio will have near 1,000,000 inhabitants by the new census. Twenty-eight cities, boroughs and villages in Pennsylvania, including the coal districts, had in 1820, 30,239 inhabitants—now 47,477—increase 58 per cent. This State is expected to show about 1,400,000 inhabitants. Our great neighbor New York, seems determined to have 2,000,000, and the returns so far look very much like it; the towns yet heard from having more than doubled.

The following song, written by T. G. FESSENDEN, Esq. was sung at the second anniversary dinner of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

THE COURSE OF CULTURE.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne*.

Survey the world, through every zone,
From Lima to Japan,
In lineaments of light 'tis shown
That Culture makes the man.

By manual Culture one attains
What Industry may claim,
Another's mental toil and pains
Attenuate his frame.

Some plough and plant the teeming soil,
Some cultivate the arts;
And some devote a life of toil
To tiling heads and hearts.

Some train the adolescent mind,
While buds of promise blow,
And see each nascent twig inclin'd
The way the tree should grow.

The First Man, and the first of Men,
Were Tillers of the soil;
And that was Mercy's mandate then,
Which destin'd man to toil.

Indulgence preludes fell attacks
Of merciless disease,
And Sloth extends on fiery racks
Her listless devotees.

Hail, Horticulture! Heaven-ordain'd,
Of every art the source,
Which man has polish'd, life sustain'd,
Since Time commenc'd his course.

Where waves thy wonder-working wand
What splendid scenes disclose!
The blasted heath, the arid strand,
Out-bloom the gorgeous rose!

Even in the Seraph-Sex is thy
Magnificence descried;
And Milton says in lady's eye
Is Heaven indentified.

A seedling, sprung from Adam's side
A most celestial shoot!
Became of Paradise the Pride,
And bore a world of fruit.

The Lily, Rose, Carnation, bleat
By Flora's magic power,
And Tulip feebly represent
So elegant a flower.

Then surely, Bachelors, ye ought,
In season to transfer
Some sprig of this sweet "Touch-me-not,"
To grace your own parterre;

And every Gardener should be proud,
With tenderness and skill,
If haply he may be allow'd
This precious plant to till.

All that man has, had, hopes, can have,
Past, promis'd, or possess'd,
Are fruits which Culture gives, or gave
At Industry's best.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.
No. 5.

The arduous and incessant toil manifested by the burying beetles, in order to provide sustenance for their young, is really astonishing. The exertions they make are so disproportioned to their size, that we should be apt to imagine they would far outweigh any pleasure they could receive; but perhaps what strikes us as wearisome toil, is to the little agents a delightful occupation.

In the month of July, I was looking for some small beetles, under loose stones and garden pots in my garden; under one of the pots I observed an earwig sitting very close to the ground, and surrounded by numerous young ones. On removing the garden pot I suppose I disturbed them, for they instantly appeared in great bustle, crouching under and close to the side of the parent insect. I wanted one for the purpose of dissection, and for the exceedingly fine wings which it has so curiously folded under its wing-cases, but Nature, who never pleads in vain, directed me to replace as speedily, and as carefully as possible, the pot over this interesting scene of maternal affection. Another circumstance occurred on the 5th of June last. I had often observed the smaller species of ants running about the garden walks in great numbers, but never had an opportunity of seeing the interior of their nests or establishments, till the above date,—when being on a visit to a friend, I found him directing his mason to make good a portion of the wall at the back of his house, which had become loose in the joints; the workman took up a stone about two feet square, and the scene that presented itself was the most interesting I ever beheld. It was the commonwealth of a species of small black ants, with their offspring, in the various stages of existence; viz: eggs, larva, and pupa; these were deposited in separate parts of their city, and distinctly separated from each other. The subterraneous passages throughout the interior were numerous, and branching out in every direction; some of these passages were very broad, and parts were allotted as depots for their offspring. The removing of this single stone was one of those dire catastrophes that we might imagine to befall ourselves, in supposing a dreadful hurricane had blown with such fury as to unroof the whole of the buildings in this city. The alarm and consternation that such an occurrence would excite among the inhabitants of Philadelphia, was really perceptible in the dwelling of these ants. You might perceive the greatest anxiety prevail amongst them; the little creatures running about in every direction, but at the same time each performing some necessary act which contributed to the welfare of the colony. Hundreds were seen carrying away their eggs to a place of safety; and again, others taking the pupa and larva in their jaws, and carrying them away. Yet these pupa in bulk were more than twice the size of the ants that were carrying them. It was really painful to my feelings to see the distressed state of these poor insects; and as I could render them no assistance, I was compelled to leave them, regretting the fate which awaited them.

As I had read in various publications on insects, similar circumstances to the foregoing, it is but fair to say, that such statements have been fully borne out under my own observations; perhaps, Mr. Editor, with this, you will be kind enough to insert an extract I have made from the invaluable work by Messrs, Kirby & Spence on insects; viz. "We are indebted to De Geer for the history of a field bug which shows marks of affection for her young, such as I trust will lead you, notwithstanding any repugnant association that the name may call up, to search on the birch tree, which it inhabits, for so interesting an insect. The family of this field bug consists of thirty or forty young ones, which the mother conducts as a hen does her chickens. She never leaves them, and as soon as she begins to move all the little ones follow; whenever she stops, assembling in a cluster around her. De Geer having occasion to cut a branch of the birch, peopled with one of these families, the mother showed every symptom of excessive uneasiness. In other circumstances such an alarm would have caused her immediate flight;

but now she never stirrs from her young, but kept beating her wings incessantly with a very rapid motion, evidently for the purpose of protecting them from the apprehended danger. As far as our knowledge of the economy of this tribe of insects extends, there is no other species that manifests a similar attachment to its progeny; but such may probably be discovered by future observers."

The most determined despiser of insects and their concerns, he who never designed to open his eyes to any part of their economy, must have observed, in spite of himself, the remarkable attachment which the inhabitants of a disturbed nest of ants manifest towards certain small oblong bodies with which the nest is usually stored. He must have perceived that the ants are much less intently occupied with providing for their own safety, than in conveying off these little bodies to a place of safety. To effect this purpose the whole community is in motion; and no danger can divert them from attempting its accomplishment. An observer having cut an ant in two, the poor animal did not relax in its affectionate exertions. With that half of the body to which the head remained attached, it contrived, previously to expiring, to carry often of these white masses into the interior of the nest. You will readily divine that these attractive objects are the young of the ants, in one of the first or imperfect states; they are in fact, not the eggs, as they are commonly called, but the pupa, which the working ants tend with the most patient industry.

If my contributions should merit insertion in the eye of the Editor, I hope to have still further matter for his pages.

KIRBY.

From the Carlisle (Eng.) Patriot.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

On Wednesday week, a young man dressed in sailor's clothes, named John Popjoy, was brought before the sitting magistrate at Union Hall, charged with an attempt to break into a house in the parish of Newington. The investigation of the case excited very great interest owing to the accused having been the means of saving the lives of forty persons who had been landed on a desert island near New Zealand, in the month of August last, from a vessel called the Cyprus, the crew of which mutinied on the passage between Hobart Town and M'Quarrie Harbour.

It appeared that the accused had been drinking with a shipmate until it was too late for him to return to his lodging, and was making his way into an empty house, when he was detected and brought before the magistrate, who was about to remand him, when Snow, the beadle of Newington, entered the office, and having recognized the accused, said he deserved to be treated better by his fellow-country men than to be placed in the situation he then appeared. Snow knew him when a boy, and at a very early age he went to sea, and remained abroad 13 or 14 years, and had not been heard of until recent occasion, he (Snow) had heard from undoubted authority, that he was the means of saving the lives of the crew and passengers of the brig Cyprus.

The magistrate, feeling very desirous of hearing the particulars of the mutiny on board the vessel, requested Popjoy to give an account of it in his own way; a statement which may not be uninteresting to many of our readers.

"In August 1829, he embarked on board the Cyprus brig at Hobart town, bound for M'Quarrie harbour with convicts, and a detachment of soldiers under the command of Lieut. Carew, an officer of the 93d regiment. On the third day they came to anchor in Research Bay, and while there, Lieutenant Carew proposed that some of the ship's crew, together with himself, should get into the long-boat for the purpose of fishing in shore. Towards the evening they heard several musket shot on board the brig, to which they pulled immediately, and found the convicts had mutinied, and were in possession of the vessel; they were immediately ordered on deck by the mutineers, who were all armed, and five soldiers were lying wounded near the main-mast and groaning from the pain of their wounds.

Popjoy was asked by the mutineer, who acted as the captain, whether he would accompany them to the coast of Chili, on the promise of being made second mate; but he refused, and was sent below with the ship's company who, at this time had not been sent on shore, owing to a heavy gale of wind that had just sprung up. Finding that a convict named Bryan was a sentinel over the hatchway, with whom Popjoy was rather a favorite, he was admitted upon deck by this man, and under pretence of going for a drink of water forward, he availed himself of the only chance of escape, in letting himself gently down by the fore-chains into the water, and swam to the shore in a tempestuous sea.—On landing on a desert shore, Popjoy had not been long there before he discovered a light at some distance, and having with difficulty, by wading a broad river, and crossing a swamp, arrived at the spot, he found Lieutenant Carew, his wife and two children, and part of the crew of the Cyprus, in all about 40 persons; who had been previously landed on this inhospitable shore by the mutineers. At day break next morning they had the mortification to find the brig under weigh, and steering off in an easterly direction, leaving those on shore to their fate without food or means of escape. Under these discouraging circumstances, Popjoy, being an expert swimmer, volunteered, with two other men, to proceed in the direction of Hobart Town to seek relief for their companions in distress, or die in the attempt. They had not proceeded far before they came to a broad river, when one of the party left his companions, declaring that he would go back and expire with the rest rather than hazard the being drowned, or killed by the natives. Popjoy, and his only companion then rushed into the river, and succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, and then went forward for about five miles, when they came to another river, across which they swam with their clothes on their heads.

The moment, however, they got to the other side, they were dreadfully alarmed on seeing a party of Indians with long spears coming towards them; not a moment was to be lost now, and the poor fellows were obliged to re-cross the river and seek safety by flight, leaving their clothes behind them. They were now three days away from the rest of their unfortunate companions, and on the way back Popjoy and his fellow traveller, underwent very dreadful sufferings, both being naked and having no other food to subsist upon except a few wild berries, and muscles they collected on the sea shore. When they got back from whence they set out, their miserable fellow-sufferers scarce knew either of them, their bodies and legs were lacerated in such manner by the bushes, briars and stunted wood, over which they had passed in their journey.

On the return of this enterprising but unsuccessful attempt to gain Hobart Town, Popjoy constructed a kind of canoe out of the gum tree, in which he got out a sufficient distance to sea to enable him to catch fish for the subsistence of the whole party. In this way they continued to live for seven days, until the frail bark went to pieces, and they were reduced to the necessity of living upon a few muscles and a species of wild parsley. The wife of Lieutenant Carew and his children now began to drop away and fall sick; at length Popjoy succeeded in forming the frame of a canoe, and with two hammocks, which were brought on shore, he covered the bottom and sides, and laid it all over with soap, which some of the people happened to have in their pockets when they were turned ashore. In this frail bark Popjoy and Morgan launched out to sea, and after being buffeted about for five days, on the evening of the fifth day were thrown ashore on Partridge Island, the canoe having gone to pieces, and had resigned themselves up for lost, from the extremity of heat and starvation. They had not, however, been many hours in this deplorable condition before they heard the noise of a vessel coming round the Point. The vessel turned out to be the

Orelia brig, which was compelled to put in from sea, and bring up at that anchorage, having experienced a tremendous gale of wind on her passage. Popjoy and his companion were taken on board in a truly deplorable state and treated with that hospitality and kindness which their situation demanded. They gave information of the state of misery which their unfortunate companions were enduring in their desolate abode, and no time was lost in despatching two of the ship's boats laden with provisions for their use. The welcome assistance arrived in time to save the lives of the unfortunate sufferers, and in less than a week they were all landed safely in Hobart Town and at the time of Popjoy's departure for England, were recovering from the effects of the dreadful privations which they suffered after being put ashore by the mutineers.

Popjoy produced a letter from the authorities of Hobart Town, in which his confidence during the trying occasion was extolled in the highest manner.

If another day's delay had occurred, many of those who were thus fortunately saved must have perished. The bare fact of having subsisted for 14 days upon muscles is a proof to what extremity of distress they must have been reduced.

Mr. Chambers listened with the utmost attention to the account given by Popjoy of his and his companion suffering under the trying circumstances, and said his conduct was entitled to the highest commendation. The Magistrate regretted that the poor fellow had been taken into custody, but hoped, if the vessel that he intended to go on board had sailed, something might be done for him to prevent his sustaining any loss by a detention on shore.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

We copy the following advertisements from the London Morning Herald:—

"MATRIMONY.

"Ye bright and fair! who grace the course
That man thro' chequer'd life pursues,
Of his supremest joys the source,
The antidote for all he rues;
Whose precious love above all price
A treasure is to whom 'tis given,
To change earth's wilds to Paradise,
And make man's dwelling place a heaven;
If there is one would seek to share
The fervor of a faithful breast,
And feel the throb perturbing there,
The turtle dove to make her blest;
If there is one congenial soul
Would share with me love's sweet control!
Haste, and be happy, nor delay,
For life is short, time flies away."

A Gentleman, aged 30, with an improvable income of £500 per annum, is desirous of communicating on the subject of matrimony with a Lady of the same age, having an equal property at her disposal; an agreeable appearance, a happy disposition, and being decidedly pious. An address is requested for a reply, previous to an interview. A letter, directed, post-paid, to (here follows the address) will be forwarded, and have immediate attention.

MATRIMONY.—The advertiser, aged 24, whose commercial avocations have denied him mixed company, is desirous of meeting a Lady from 20 to 30, who has no objection to share her happiness with one who possesses an excellent character, connexions respected by all who know him, health, a good disposition, and, as the advertiser may flatter himself, an inmate property, nor knows of anything disagreeable in his personal appearance. Being able to give ample proof of these assertions, he does not think he can be thought unreasonable or mercenary in his expectations, when he states them to be two references as to character, and an agreeable person, having at disposal from £500 to £600.—Paid letters (here follows address) with real name and address, will meet with attention, and the strictest secrecy.

A new voyage of discovery round the world is projecting in England under the superintendance of the eminent traveller, Buckingham.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2.

THE COWKEEPING ANT!—The interesting communications we have laid before our readers under the title of "Rambles of Naturalist," have been received by our subscribers with great favor, and have stimulated us to some researches on similar subjects. We have before us a highly interesting little volume just published in London, entitled the "History of Insects," giving the best summary account of the recent discoveries in the science. It amply deserves re-publication in this country. We propose to abridge from it to day, an account of a tribe of *Ants, which keep Cows!* It appeared at first sight so like a romance, however, that we have turned to several standard authors on the subject, and find it fully confirmed.

They keep and feed certain insects, from which they extract a sweet and nutritious liquid, in the same manner as we obtain milk from Cows! There are two species of insects, from which the ant tribe abstract this juice, the aphides or plant-lice, and gall insects. Linnaeus and after him other naturalists have called these insects the milk cattle of ants, and the term is not inapplicable. An attentive observer may see them ascending trees to milk their Cows, the aphides. The substance here called milk is a sweetish fluid which these plant-lice secrete, resembling honey in taste, and which issues from very small tubes or teats; after they have sucked the sap of the tree or plant on which they reside, the ant's milk them with their antennae with much the same motion as is employed by a milk-maid, making them yield the liquid at pleasure. Thus it proceeds from one of its *Cows* to another, till satiated. These Cows are the property of tribes, and keep much after the fashion of the animal so extremely useful to man; sometimes they remove them from their native place and domesticate them in their own habitations, affording as Huber justly observes, an example of almost human industry and sagacity; other species which do not gather the plant-lice together in their own nests, still seem to consider them as private property; they set sentinels to protect their places of resort, and drive away other ants; and what is still more extraordinary, they enclose them as a farrier does his sheep, to preserve them not only from rival ants, but also from the natural enemies of the aphis. They construct round the branch on which their cattle are feeding, an enclosure of earth, or some other material, thus securing them from wandering and from interlopers.

The brown ant has been observed by Huber to build a chamber round the stem of a thistle, in such a way that the stalk passed through the centre, so that from their ant-hill they had only to climb the thistle stalk, in order to enter their cattle fold. The interior smooth and compact, was entirely formed of earth; it contained an extensive family of insect Cows, but he remarks such exhibitions are not common.

In winter the ants would be exposed to the horrors of a famine, did they not rely for food on their cattle. Their milch Cows are then kept on the roots of the trees which penetrate the interior of the nest, and furnish an abundant supply of the liquid in which their keepers delight. And not only is the full grown animal kept, but its eggs are watched and guarded with that care which warrant us in supposing that the ant knows their full value. In order to have an early spring supply of milk, the eggs are deposited in the warmest part of their dwelling.

To the naturalist we have probably related nothing new, but to the general reader we may

have promulgated a new idea. At all events we shall be rewarded for our trouble of abridgment, if we turn the attention of a single student of nature's laws to the highly interesting and new fashionable study of natural history.

The Exhibition.—Much interest has been excited during the week by the fine display made at the annual exhibition of the Franklin Institute. The rooms are not quite as well filled this year as on some former occasions, but the whole is extremely creditable to the *Working Men*, who have been instrumental in forming it. We remarked more novelties than usual—among the number we must mention the large American flag woven by Mr. D'Hommergue at his factory in Pine street, from silk raised and dyed in America. It waved majestically over numerous other fine specimens of the same material of domestic origin, including stockings, handkerchiefs, &c. We look upon the progress of this manufacture with intense interest, as one likely to retain among us an immense sum of money heretofore sent to foreigners, to their great profit. Another new article attracted much attention—it was a material made from hog's lard, resembling in appearance and brilliancy the finest spermaceti, and possessing all its good qualities for burning. No eye could distinguish between the two; we understand that a manufactory of candles from this material is about to be established in this vicinity, it is said they will be sold at half the price of spermaceti. There were specimens of muslin resembling cloth in appearance and thickness; beautiful cameos turned in pearl, one of which presented the likeness of Napoleon, his wife and child, and a very brilliant one of Washington—these are the invention, and from the button factory of Mr. Yard, of Morrisville, near Trenton, and are a novelty in the arts. Mr. Baldwin of Minor street, had a great variety of his superior manufactures in iron, including his screws, hydraulic press, &c. &c. The American porcelain, cut glass, hearth rugs, carpeting, oil cloth, stone ware, butter, pianos, bureaus, &c. &c. were the best of their kind, and spoke a language extremely favorable to the intelligence, activity and science of our industrious mechanics. Every year unfolds some new and successful effort of discovery, producing an article of superior quality, or valuable for its economical uses.

The Rhinoceros.—We can safely assert that one of the greatest natural curiosities ever exhibited in America, is now to be seen in this city, in South Fourth near Library Street. It is a young Rhinoceros, only about 18 months old; a more unsightly animal never was exhibited. His hide resembles the shell of the snapping turtle in strength and solidity, more than any thing else we remember to have seen, particularly on the back and sides, where a complete fold or shell is as firmly fixed as the house of a tortoise. On the hinder part and hips, the shell resembles an iron door in surface and solidity, having protuberances resembling the heads of iron bolts. This exterior covering would probably be compared by many to a coat of mail, as it is composed of several folds, which at their intersection lap over like those in an iron casque—it is in these parts only that the animal is vulnerable. His physiognomy is truly remarkable and terrific—a horn has commenced growing out of the top of his nose, which promises to be two or three feet long, and as thick as a man's thigh, judging from one taken from a grown animal exhibited with him. His physiognomy is altogether the most homely that can well be conceived, and his appearance altogether is such as would frighten any body if he was met with unexpectedly. A visitor remarked while we

were there that he was no unapt personation of the great enemy of man! The Rhinoceros is an inhabitant of marshy, wet places, and to afford him as much water as he is accustomed to, one of the keepers is obliged to sponge him all over very frequently during the day, particularly in warm weather; this affords him pleasure and keeps him quiet. He is able to project from his upper lip a small instrument much resembling a finger, with which he picks up food. The advertisement says of this huge animal, that he possesses surprising strength, is totally untractable, and subject to paroxysms of fury, which nothing can appease. With the horn on his nose he tears up trees, raises heavy stones, and throws them behind him to a considerable distance. The Rhinoceros is a solitary animal, loves marshy grounds, and is fond of wallowing in the mire; he attains his full size at 20 years of age, and lives 60 or 70 years. The species is not numerous, and he is rarely taken alive, but never without much hazard. He feeds on the coarsest herbs and roots, is fond of sugar cane and all kinds of grain. His flesh is eaten and much relished by the natives of India and Africa. This Rhinoceros was taken at the foot of one of the Himalaya Mountains, near a branch of the Ganges, in May 1829, when he was judged to be about 3 months old, sent to a Rajah or native Prince in Calcutta, about the 1st of August 1829, from whom it was purchased in January 1830, and landed in Boston 9th May last. He eats voraciously all kinds of vegetable food, and drinks about half a barrel of water daily.

It is well known to our readers that Mathew Carey, with the philanthropic zeal for which he is so eminently distinguished, has been for sometime past engaged in efforts to relieve a numerous class of respectable females from an unwarrantable oppression under which they have long been struggling. He has ascertained that in four of our principal cities not less than 12,000 are engaged in needle work, whose hard earnings amount to less than fifty dollars per annum. Out of which sum house rent, provisions and clothing must be paid.

The Editor of the Georgia Journal, without pretending to deny the correctness of Mr. Carey's statements, gives them to his readers, and annexes thereto his own comments in the following manner:—

"And upon this state of facts, he (Mr. C.) raises his eyes to heaven and utters a most exquisite and heart-rending howl of commiseration."

The meanest scribbler that ever put pen to paper—the most hackneyed slanderer that ever wrote for hire—might feel himself disgraced in acknowledging a slander so unfeeling, so vulgar and dishonorable; the head and the heart must be wofully corrupt that could sanction this calumny upon any individual engaged in the humane effort to relieve another's woe.

Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell announces that he has received a small swarm of bees without stings, from Mexico. They arrived in good order, and on being left at liberty immediately came forth with the bodies of those of their associates who died on the voyage, and went to work. Whether this tribe will be able to protect their property from numerous insect predators, remains to be seen.

New kind of Railway.—No sooner was it announced in England that locomotive engines were about to succeed on rail roads, than the active genius of American mechanics was at work, endeavouring to improve upon the suggestion. We have heard of several attempts in different parts of the Union—of their success we have yet

to learn. Just so it was with rail roads. When the project of a rail road from here to the Susquehanna was seriously agitated, half a dozen ingenious men set themselves to inventing the best plan of laying the tracks—we saw several of their models, but are ignorant which was decided on; perhaps to this date no positive decision has been come to; nothing will be lost by a little delay, as every successive road introduces some improvement or economical application. We have before us an account from England of what is termed a *suspension rail-way*, which, as its details may be entirely new to most of our readers, we shall attempt to abridge in order to accommodate it to our columns. We have no doubt of its being acceptable to all general readers, but more particularly to those who have investigated the subject of rail roads, or enjoyed the great luxury of a ride on one. The invention is by a Mr. Dick, and is thus described:—

"We have on the present occasion, to bring under the notice of our readers an invention which appears to combine in the highest degree the advantages of the best species of rail road with all the velocity of the most approved locomotive steam-engine carriages, none of their inconveniences, and none of their dangers. It has long been known, that what is called a *suspension railway*—first invented we believe, by Mr. Palmer, which is a rail carried along at a certain height from the surface of the earth, resting on pillars at short distances from each other, and on which the carriage is suspended, traversing on it—opposes far less friction to the motion of the vehicle than any other sort of railway. Hitherto, we believe, no attempt has been made to bring this, which ought perhaps to be called the *suspension carriage railway*, into use for long distances; and though many of its advantages have long been recognized, such as never being liable to be impeded by the snow, it has been considered an impracticable method of general conveyance. All the difficulties which beset it, however, seem happily overcome by an ingenious gentleman, whose models are now exhibiting at Charing-cross; and his contrivance promises to be a formidable rival to, if it do not completely surpass in advantages, the common railways and locomotive engines.

"The author of the contrivance proposes to erect pillars of stone or brick at given distances, and of such a height as circumstances may require, but so as to allow a perfectly free passage underneath the rail-way—making the line of road which is to be laid on them as level and as straight as possible; but there is no occasion for the road to be either perfectly straight or perfectly level. It may be formed with a considerable curvature, or it may be carried to a considerable height. Between the stone pillars four or five cast metal standards or pillars are placed, as circumstances may require. On the top of each a frame is fastened to secure the rail, and the rails are formed of the best rod iron. A line of rail-road, it is obvious, may be laid down on the top of a succession of pillars, extending to any length. It can be carried over rivers, bogs, or morasses, just as well as the best constructed bridge. This is what Mr. Dick proposes to perform, and he estimates the expence of such a rail-way at £1395 per mile, which is, we believe, not one fourth of what the Manchester and Liverpool Railway will cost. Dr. Adam Smith, to illustrate the uses of paper money, compared it to turnpike roads in the air; and this sort of roads which he spoke of as impossible, is accomplished by Mr. Dick's suspension railways. After erecting pillars, and laying down rods of iron from pillar to pillar, they being firmly secured, he suspends a carriage by wheels on these railways. The centre of gravity in the carriage is below the centre of motion, so that it cannot upset; it traverses between two rails, and cannot move in any other direction; but in order to make it perfectly secure, the inventor places four other wheels on the carriage beneath the rail, so as to make tilting from any excess of velocity quite impossible.—In fact, the carriage may be said to move in a frame. The next thing is to apply a moving power, and, as the friction is next to nothing, a small power will effect a great object. In

slight descents no power will be necessary. In the experiments which have already been made on a considerable scale, one man drew a ton weight at the velocity of fifteen miles an hour. The inventor proposes, to meet all difficulties, that the rail-way shall be divided into five mile lengths or stages, and at each stage that there shall be a stationary engine, which, "by means of a drag-line, is intended to be the working or moving power;" and, as it is proposed that the Railway shall be double—one carriage going and another returning—the drag-line will constitute an endless line. "With a train of six half-ton carriages, a water-proof drag-line of half an inch in diameter will be sufficient upon all stages, unless they be very hilly." "This method of drawing carriages," the inventor says, "is already well known; but I add, as an improvement to the engine at present in use, two toothed wheels and two pinions, by means of which a velocity by light carriages is gained, far exceeding any thing before gained by wheel carriages." The inventor estimates this velocity as equal to *sixty miles an hour*, being far greater than we shall readily submit to travel at till experience has confirmed the safety of a much lower rate of speed. "This engine may be wrought by mutual power, but when heavy carriages are to be used, steam, horse, or other power may be applied." It may be wrought, too, by men within the carriage. "With the patent friction carriage upon a level stage, the power of one man would be sufficient to take forward a carriage of 12 cwt. at a great velocity; besides, having the power at their own command, they are able to stop at pleasure."

The short principle then of this invention is, that the carriages shall move along in the air, on two rods of iron fixed there for them. We do not doubt that in practice it would answer. In the model it looks perfect. The carriage "it has been said, runs from one end of the room to the other, as a weaver throws his shuttle across his web." In point of velocity, this is a poor comparison; they go so quick that the eye is troubled to follow them. The carriages employed by Mr. Dick, are shaped like boats, so as to meet with the least resistance from the air. The passing of carriages by one another is provided for at the several stages, and the inventor says gentlemen may have carriages of their own adapted to this railway."

SUNDAY MAILS.—The excitement on the Sunday Mails seems not yet to have subsided. We have read with satisfaction an article on the subject in the American Quarterly Review of the present month, attributed, we believe with truth, to the pen of Judge HOPKINSON. With many of the arguments used in the luminous report of the committee of Congress, are embodied some new and striking views of the absurdity of those who continue annually to pour in petitions for stopping the mail on the Sabbath. It is our purpose to lay before our readers to-day, such popular views broached by this writer, as we deem new and worthy of extensive circulation, but which in their present form are too lengthy to be embodied in a news sheet.

The writer sets out with the observation that it will be too much for the petitioners to contend, that those who will not adopt their opinions on this subject, are, therefore, to be denounced as wanting in a proper respect for religion, or as violating the doctrines of Christianity, inasmuch as such denunciations proceed upon an assumption of the whole ground of the controversy. These enthusiasts, who would prescribe to others how they shall keep the Sabbath, would deem themselves and their dearest rights to be outraged beyond endurance, if any such attempts were made to direct and control their opinions and conduct.—The Commandment of the Almighty to the Jews, on which so much stress is laid by the petitioners, enjoins upon them to "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." This was the law they received, and it declares that "the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord," and

that no person or even beast shall work on that day. The writer claims from these petitioners, who are free to indulge in every luxury, and loll in a coach six days of the seven, that they obey the command as literally as they would have the Post Office Department to do, and that they have no cooking on Sunday, no coach horses curried, and that they sleep on Sunday night in a tumbled bed. He requires those who would hold us strictly to this commandment as the *law of God*, where they find their justification for departing from it in its most essential feature—for *changing the day* which they assert is sanctified by the word of God?—and for transferring to another day the reverence which is due to that which they have not only robbed of its honors, but have made peculiarly the holy day of the week. He endeavors to show that the precepts in the Old and New Testament are not to be taken with rigorous adherence to the letter, which is insisted on by those who maintain, under the Decalogue, a total abstinence from all secular employments on the Sabbath. Our Saviour said, "sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor." Which of these disciplinarians believes, that to inherit eternal life, he must sell *all* that he has and give to the poor? Which of them does it, even to the tenth part of all? yet there is nothing doubting or equivocal in the language of the precept; but every sound mind receives it as a strong, impressive, but general recommendation to be kind and liberal, and charitable to the poor, within obvious and reasonable limits. He adduces the case of the ox in the mire as one of much less *utility* and *necessity*, than the transportation of the mails; his loss would produce less disastrous results than a detention of our great means of inter-communication and intelligence. When therefore, that utility and convenience affect the interests, not merely of an individual, to the value of a few dollars, but of the whole community to an incalculable amount, as strong a case is presented for indulgence, and a dispensation from the rule, as can well be imagined.

To return to the questions to the petitioners, the writer in the Review asks how many of these would-be-legislators for our consciences dispense with their hot coffee and toast in the morning, with their roast beef and pudding at dinner, and their tea in the afternoon? The poor cook finds no protection from labor in the Decalogue; nor would it save her from being turned into the street, were she to refuse to violate it. Where is the necessity for this? Starving for one day, or even pure bread and water, would certainly be the proper regimen for the advocates of such a pure religion. We cannot compare, on the ground of necessity, of utility, of convenience, these personal indulgences with the importance of the regular, systematic, uninterrupted transportation of the mail over this immense country, for the accommodation of many millions of people. The whole matter of difference is a question of construction; neither party pretends to a literal observance of the law. The petitioners have made up their minds that "maid servants" may work, but *mail* servants may not, and all are condemned who refuse to be governed after this mode of interpretation. We deny their right so to interpret for us, and to dispose of the eternal welfare of all who will not yield to it. Other precepts, equal in force to "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," are not taken literally by any class of christians. If, when a dark and malignant assassin is brought to the bar of justice, he should confess his crime, but call upon his judges, as christians, to reward him for his crimes, by reminding them that they are solemnly enjoined, by the Divine Author of their religion, to love

their enemies, and to return good for evil; and should protest against their right to punish, because vengeance belongeth not to man. So with the command, Swear not at all—there is no exception in judicial oaths to be found in the text. Do the petitioners never swear? is a question we have a right to ask them when they are contending for a point which affects *our* interests, and living in direct violation of laws which, if interpreted with equal strictness, will condemn them to eternal punishment, but cannot injure us. They condemn all aberrations but *their own*; this is the error of poor human nature when it pretends to too much. Even if the very people who are so active to make a change in the mails were in the observance of the very precept for which they contend so fiercely, their opinions are *merely* opinions, and of religious obligation and belief, as to which no man has a right to impose his understanding upon another, nor has the national legislature any such power. The man, or set of men, who say that I shall not ride or walk, or sail into the country, or receive or open a letter on Sunday, because he *thinks* they are breaches of the law, having thus decided what I shall *not do*, will next say what I *shall do*; will direct that I shall go to church, and next to *his* church, because it is the only true church, where the doctrines of Christ are truly taught, and our duty truly explained. Thus every thing is gained over rights of conscience and religious freedom, when a single point is carried against them.

We have endeavored to follow up the reviewer in those parts of his article which have reference to the subject, and in abridging his remarks have been compelled to the license of occasionally using his very words, omitting such arguments as have a remote bearing upon the subject—we submit them to the public on his authority, and that of the journal in which it appeared, without comment of our own.

Lawyers and Editors.—It has been frequently remarked that one of our contemporaries of this city has in turn attacked every class and society of persons existing in the vicinity. We are not about to question or prove the truth of the observation, nor are we anxious to deserve a similar character. Some few hints however, which we shall venture to-day, will, we hope, be understood exactly as they are intended—whether as a satire on the press or the bar we leave to others to determine.

It is the opinion of some people that it would be better for the public, if the press were paid in the same manner as the bar. A lawyer is paid for advocating one opinion to-day, and for another to-morrow—no person thinks of identifying him with either; the reasons in both cases are weighed, and the character of the individual who is the organ through which they find their way to the public, is rarely taken into the account. Mr. —, for instance, took a side the other day in the case of — versus —, which he will have to oppose again at the next term in the case of —. What has this double advocacy to do with the grounds of the two opinions? It would indeed be very unfortunate for a litigant, if it were to be understood that the advocate to whom he commits his cause, must necessarily be persuaded himself of the goodness of it.

Why should not a public writer be allowed to shift his ground for pay, as well as a lawyer? There is a squeamishness about the press which is altogether out of character in an age like this. Would the reasons in a leading article be one whit less convincing because a different set of reasons was broached in a leading article of the preceding day, any more than the reasons in a speech of an attorney at law, because he advanced arguments in favor of other principles

immediately before? What is it to the public whether the writer is sincere or insincere, or whether he is paid or not paid? Why should the reasoning derive any force from any extrinsic or foreign consideration?

If public writers were as corruptible as lawyers; if they advocated in the same unblushing manner all sorts of opinions, their readers would not be exposed to the tribulation of perusing the articles written during the period when a journal is shifting its ground—when it is veering from one opinion to another. Sometimes this mystifying period extends to a whole quarter of a year, and it is a sheer loss both to the writer and reader. The time is coming when these prejudices will be surmounted, when every party or individual who wished to support an opinion, would look round the press, as litigants do round the bar, for those who could do the most justice to it. This rigid virtue of the press gives the bar a great advantage over it. When a man is stung by a barrister possessed of more than ordinary command of invective, he determines, if he has any sense, to employ him for his next suit, or at least to pay him to hold his tongue!

Thus it should be, say some political economists, with the editors of newspapers, and it is to be hoped that the gentlemen of the press will in time see their own interests, and learn from the example of the lawyers, to be more venal, and they will be much more respected as well as richer.

A Connecticut pedler is traversing the country with a wagon load of *gravestones*! another carries *caskets*, packed up by sixes, one inside the other, like *pill-boxes*!

Matrimony Prohibited.—A lady named Elizabeth Roberts, advertises in the St. Johns (New Brunswick) Herald, that "All persons, clergymen and others, qualified to administer matrimony, are hereby notified not to marry to any one, on any pretence whatever, my two daughters, Frances Watson and Margaret Burt, both of this city, as they are under age, and unable to judge for themselves." It would be cruel in any clergymen to marry them both to any one gentleman!

The Marseilles Hymn.—This celebrated national song has been again brought into public notice by the recent revolution in France, and has been sung at nearly all the theatres, where it continues to be repeated. In France it was sung with enthusiasm during the late disturbances. On the restoration of the Bourbons it was prohibited on pain of death; but though never sung in public, it was treasured up in the hearts of the French people with passionate affection, and on the breaking out of those commotions which ended in the overthrow of Charles 10th, it rang through the streets of Paris from the lips of half her populace.

MARSEILLES HYMN.
Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives and grand-sires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hope, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate your land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
Th' avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

No, now the dreadful storm is rolling,
Which treacherous Kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And lo! your fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless foes with guilty pride

Spread desolation far and wide
With crimes and blood their hands imbruing!
To arms, to arms,—&c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare
From lust of power and gold unbounded
To meet and vend the light of air,
Like beasts of burthen they would lead us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms,—&c.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame;
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing,
To arms, to arms,—&c.

In Troy, N. Y. a grandson of Mr. Price, who had fallen asleep in the bar-room, awoke in excessive agony from an insect which had crept into his ear. The usual remedies failed to relieve, when Dr. Brown was called. He found that a large black bug had gone as far as any insect can go into the ear and could not return. Every time it was touched, it stirred, which made the boy almost distracted. At length he was drawn out with very slender forceps. He was $\frac{1}{2}$ ths of an inch long.

The proclamation of the new King of England, concerning the observance of the Lord's Day, is word for word the same as that which was issued at the commencement of the reign of George III. We fear that no more attention will be paid to it than has heretofore been given, either by the court or the people.

TO AGENTS & SUBSCRIBERS.

Within a few weeks past, we have had occasion to make out and forward to our Agents and Subscribers, the amount of their respective dues, with an earnest request that the amount might be remitted immediately, as our want of money was pressing. Some have promptly attended to the call, while others, from a cause unknown to us, have entirely neglected it. We are compelled to express our regret at this, and feel mortified to think that our continued efforts to make the ARIEL a cheap and agreeable miscellany, are so indifferently required. A corresponding disposition to be prompt should be manifested on the part of all subscribers. We are continually expending large sums in procuring original embellishments for this work, which cannot be done conveniently, unless subscribers are punctual. We trust there will be no occasion to repeat this call—and shall conclude the unpleasing subject by soliciting prompt attention to the same.

We are sensible that the engravings which accompany the ARIEL are considerably injured in transmitting them to distant subscribers by mail. Many have complained on the subject; but in the present quarto form of the paper, it is impossible to be avoided. In the Fifth Volume we shall endeavor thoroughly to remedy the defect. Other important improvements will also be made in that volume, tending to win for the ARIEL even a greater measure of approbation than is already awarded to it. Some of the plates for the coming year are now in the engraver's hands, many of which will be American subjects calculated to please and instruct the majority of readers, while all, we hope, will be executed in a style superior to any we have yet published. In the meantime we particularly solicit drawings from our subscribers—either of remarkable scenes relating to our own country, or of events connected with interesting portions of American history. They may be forwarded by mail.

VARIETIES.

Good.—The Editor of the Hudson Gazette had a marriage forwarded to him bearing the appearance of truth; he published it. The sequel, however, proved that no such knot had been tied; and further, that the groom spoken of was a white man, but the bride of a dingy hue. The author was compelled to pay fifteen dollars for the imposition, and attach his name to the libel. This was good; only the fine was not heavy enough. His name should be published that it might have attached to it the detestation which such a species of low villainy requires.

Sleeve Pattern.—The Editor of the Nantucket Inquirer relates that a few days since a manua maker sent to him for a newspaper to cut thereout a sleeve pattern. He sent her the Boston Patriot, which is none of the smallest. It would not do, and was returned for a larger one. He next sent Canfield's Argus, which is of the bed-blanket size. Still it would not do—it was quite too small, and was returned, begging for a larger. Lastly he sent the London Atlas, which, being nearer the size of a ship's mainsail, served for the pattern.

Snake Poison.—A. M'Corwick of Newton, Ind. publishes that pulverized charcoal made into a plaster with hog's lard, is a grand antidote to the poison of snake bites. With it he cured a child which was bitten by a copperhead, in both ankles. So rapid was the progress of the poison, that in five minutes after the biting, the child's tongue was swollen, and green matter ejected from the stomach; "but the effect of the antidote was nearly as instantaneous as the poison," and the child entirely recovered. The ointment was applied every half hour for twelve hours. One Editor suggests it might be a good application for the sting of the bee and other insects.

Barbary States.—In old times the Sallee Rover struck such terror in those who traded in the Mediterranean, that constant donations and bequests were made to different societies for forming a fund to purchase Christian captives from slavery. It is a fact, that the London Ironmongers' Company have a fund at this day, of more than 500,000 dollars, accumulated for this express purpose. A legal question will arise as to the application of this sum, now that Christian captivity in the Barbary States has ceased.

Sweet milk will, we are told by one who has personally observed its operation, prevent the fatal effect of corrosive sublimate taken into the stomach. It should be taken in as large quantities as the patient can drink, and as soon as may be. The recent melancholy death of Mr. Kepp at Baltimore, from drinking this poison by mistake, brings this remedy to mind, and as such accidents are happening but too often, the remedy should be known far and wide.

Imprisonment for Debt.—There is no question but the barbarous law authorizing the incarceration of the debtors for the satisfaction of the creditors, will soon be abolished from the statutes of every intelligent state in the union. Already has the subject been widely discussed over the country, and an almost unanimous disposition appears to be cherished by the people to carry the philanthropic doctrine into immediate execution.

An extensive establishment for the manufacture of artificial leghorn bonnets, was established about two months since in Westfield, by Mr. Israel A. Lewis; at the present time, about twenty hands, mostly females, are employed, who furnish two hundred dozen bonnets weekly; they are sold by the quantity at three dollars per dozen, affording a handsome source of income to those engaged.

Highway Robbery.—A correspondent of the Raleigh, N. C. Star, states that about Aug. 28, in the evening, a Mr. Nash, of Rockingham or Caswell County, who had been off trading negroes, and was on his return home, was attacked by two ruffians, one of whom seized Mr. Nash's horse by the bridle, and bade him get out of his carriage and deliver his money; and the other, when Mr. N. was in the act of getting out of his carry-all, rushed up and struck him violent blow on the back part of the head, and levelled him to the ground. They robbed him

of about \$7000 and left him for dead. He was found, and a prospect is entertained of his recovery. Two individuals have been arrested on suspicion.

A combination of lawyers has been formed in Newcastle county, state of Delaware, called the "Bar Association of Newcastle County." They have adopted certain rules and regulations; and have declared in one of their articles of association, "that no person shall be considered or treated as a member of the Bar, who shall not have subscribed to these rules." The Delaware Advertiser assures us, that "if any member of the Bar shall have the independence to refuse to sign their rules, he is set down as an object of persecution, and all are forbid to associate with him in any case or suit." This is an odious feature.

Debt of Ohio.—The state debt of Ohio, is, it seems, much greater in proportion than that of the United States. This debt is about \$5,000,000, and allowing 100,000 inhabitants who pay taxes, it amounts to fifty dollars to every taxable inhabitant. The national debt is about forty millions, and allowing one million and a half of inhabitants who pay taxes, it amounts to about \$27 to every taxable inhabitant.

Fish Story.—An old and experienced angler, known by the name of Tugg, hooked an enormous salmon in the river Shannon, at Banagher, Ireland, and a struggle for a capture on the one side, and escape on the other, ensued and occupied the parties during nine hours, with doubtful success. Both being nearly exhausted, the victory was decided by stratagem—the fisherman having decoyed his prey into a canal, in the lock of which he was taken, by letting off the water. The salmon weighed upwards of 43½ pounds, and was presented to Mr. Armstrong, of Gavay Castle.

A Sunday newspaper has been started in New York city. Such papers are common in London, but no one has yet been able to live in America; though we should think it not unlikely that in New York it might succeed.

A colored man, by the name of Asahel, has been arrested in Leyden, Mass. charged with cutting off a part of the tongue of one of his own children, a girl aged 8 years.

A woman has been arrested in New York for trying, by playing ghost, to frighten away the tenants with whom she jointly occupied a house. The head of the other family, who she thought was absent, was alarmed by their shrieks, returned, chased, overtook, and stripped the ghost of her white garments.

The proclamation of William the Fourth, at Bristol, took place in a torrent of rain, which continued during the whole ceremony. A wag observing the drenched appearance of the cavalcade, said, "Here beginneth the Rain of William the Fourth!"

John Quincy Adams.—The name of this man is no longer a familiar thing on the lips of the American people. They who once lifted up their voices to praise him or to censure him are silent.—He is forgotten. New candidates for adulation and abuse are before the eye of the public—and his friends and his enemies are now too busily engaged in another strife of party, to remember the man who but two short years ago was the rallying point of one great party—and the victim of another.

William Lockhart was executed at Helena, Illinois, on the seventh ult. for the murder of James Selby. He drank wine and spirits upon the scaffold, and was launched into eternity in a state of intoxication!

The Mahomedan empire has, within a short time, received, and is in a fair way to receive, some solemn lessons in relation to its general system of government, the character of its intercourse with the civilized world, and the mutability of governments and nations. Hitherto it has stood in the attitude of enmity and hostility towards all other nations, disregarding all the laws and regulations which preserve their peace, and govern their intercourse with each other. But Russia has taught the Sultan, that if he means to preserve even a small remnant of his power and authority, he must change his system, and place himself within the pale of civilized nations.

"What building is it," exclaimed a dozen voices at once, as the crowd rushed into the Governor's garden on the night of the fire at Halifax—"Is it a Summer House?" "No," bawled a wag, as the flames enveloped the building, "can't you see it is a Hot House."

The Editor of the Cherokee Phoenix says—"No white man has any thing to do in the management of our paper. No other person, whether white or red, besides the *ostensible* Editor, has ever written, from the commencement of the Phoenix, half a column of matter which has appeared under the editorial head."

Commendable Foresight.—We are informed by the French papers that a stock of wooden legs had been provided for the use of the army acting against Algiers.

Flanders Dyke is advertised in the Palmyra Sentinel as a swindler, having obtained from the citizens of Palmyra about 1000 dollars in goods and cash, with which he started for Michigan. Most of the property, however, was obtained by his pursuers, who overtook him near Batavia.

A man named Isaac Hoff, who was sentenced to eight days imprisonment at Niagara, in consequence of the crowded state of the prison, was shut up in a cell only eight feet square, and on the fourth day was discovered dead, having been suffocated.

The ladies rule the world. So they lately said in Maryland at one of their celebrations of the National Anniversary. *Toast*—"The men rule the world—we rule the men." We are sorry, then, for their credit, that the world it not better governed.

Among the captives delivered at the taking of Algiers, there were some who had been nearly 30 years in captivity. They had been horribly mutilated by the barbarians, who have made them endure dreadful torments during their long captivity.

John Neal, Esq. has been fined \$1 and costs in Portland, for kicking a boy's wagon from the side-walk into the street, and throwing the boy after it. The lad was deaf and dumb, of which N. was ignorant, and as his wagon obstructed the way, N. told him to remove; and construing his natural demeanor as one of impudence and defiance, conducted as above.

A young gentleman near New York, writes to Mr. Halsted, that such has been the benefit resulting from his mode of treating the dyspepsia, that he (the writer) has grown fleshy, having gained a pound a day. We heartily congratulate the convalescent.

In New York city, a man aged 60, picking chips in a house that was taking down, had both thighs broken by the ceiling falling.

Cheating.—A poor crazy widow woman in New Hampshire, recently sold a three hundred dollar note of hand for the paltry sum of five dollars. The signer of the note has since paid and taken it up. The note was about all the property the widow possessed.

The Editor of the Richmond Compiler says that the search for gold still continues in Virginia, and that the gold found in that State is of the purest quality.

Gold in Alabama.—An Alabama paper says that gold is found in Marion County. The tract of land on which it has been found, it is said, was purchased by the owner for something less than three hundred dollars. Since the discovery, he has been offered two thousand dollars; but he refused to take it, regarding it as being worth five times that amount.

A country gentleman in Virginia lately stopped his newspaper on the plea that he must retrench his expenses, and that he began with his paper, that being his greatest luxury.

At Jacksonville, Illinois, Independence was celebrated by 1000 persons of both sexes, by a dinner, at which the toasts were "drank in empty glasses" by all except the President and Vice President, who "drank sparingly."

In Virginia, recently, two little children, in the absence of their mother, got up on a chest, and thence climbing to the shelf reached a vial of arsenic, of which they partook before the return of their mother, and both died. They were buried in one coffin.

NATURAL HISTORY.

HABITS OF SHELL FISH.

The following interesting article was written for the Juvenile Miscellany, by Mrs. Sigourney; we extract it, apprehending that it may be interesting to children of a larger growth.

The *Pholas*, which derives its name from a Greek word signifying something hidden, has a pliant proboscis, by which it has the power of opening itself an entrance into wood and stone, and securing, when it chooses, a safe and secret abode. Though its motions are slow, yet by perseverance it perforates the hardest substance. It possesses also the property of phosphorescence, and a single one will render seven ounces of milk so beautifully luminous, that surrounding objects are rendered visible by its light.

The *Lepas*, or *Sea Acorn*, adheres to rocks or stone, and sometimes to marine animals.—When troubled by a boisterous sea, it closes its shell by a little door, formed of separate valves. In fine weather this door is thrown open, and a curled, feathery tube thrust through the opening, by which it procures its food.

The *Chilien*, or the *Coat of Mail*, has a shell composed of eight pieces, and so united by a cartilage, that it can roll itself into a ball, like the porcupine, at the approach of danger. It is often found creeping on the rocks, or attaching itself to wreaths of seaweed, resembling when at rest, a pebble perforated by the waves.

The *Imbricated Oyster*, possesses the faculty of leaping to considerable distance.—When dashing through the billows, their sparkling and glowing colors have sometimes procured them the appellation of 'Butterflies of the Ocean.' Little fleets of them are seen sailing upon the surface of a calm sea, with a part of their shells erected to catch the breeze, until at the rising of a sudden blast the pigmy vessels disappear.

Scallop-shells have the power of locomotion. When they find themselves so far from their native element as to be deserted by the tide, they open their valves as wide as possible, and then closing them with a sudden jerk, obtain an impulse by which they throw themselves four or five inches, and by repeating this process arrive again at their home.

The *Tree Oyster* is found attached to shrubs and roots which extend into waters of the sheltered bays, harbors or rivers. In tropical regions they often present a beautiful variegated mixture of vivid colors, and when a bough thus loaded is washed for the table, it is frequently found too heavy for a man to carry.

The *Common Oyster* has the power of ejecting sea-water from its shell, with sufficient force to repel the approach of any ordinary foe.

Many of the *Muscles* have the means of progressive motion, as fastening themselves to other substances with threads like those of the silk-worm, and of sporting upon the surface of the billows. Two classes of these *Mystile*, viz. the *Burrowing* and *Rugged Muscles*, possess the faculty of boring into coral and calcareous rocks, to elude the vigilance of their pursuers; and to these houses of refuge they adhere so tenaciously, that it is impossible to dislodge them without breaking the surrounding substance.

The *Clama Gigas*, or *Giant Clam*, is the largest shell in the order of testacea. Linneus speaks of one weighing 498 lbs., whose inhabitant furnished food for a day for 120 men, and the violent closing of whose valves could snap a cable in sunder. Among the manuscripts of the late Sir Joseph Banks, mention is made of one of this species brought from the Island of Sumatra, whose weight was 507 pounds. A shell of this kind which was presented by the Venetians to Francis the First of France, is still used as a baptismal font in the church of St. Sulpice in Paris.

The *Pinne*, or *Sea King*, from their fac-

ulty of producing fine silken threads, are sometimes called *Ocean's Silk Worms*.—They fasten themselves strongly to rocks by a thick tuft of these threads, which is broken off, and sold to manufacturers. The Sicilians wash this in soap and water, dry it in the shade, card it and fabricate it into various articles of apparel, such as stockings, gloves, caps and vests. They are rendered a beautiful yellow brown, like the burnished gold on the back of the splendid beetle, by steeping them in lemon juice, and afterwards pressing them with a warm iron. A manufactory of fabrics of this kind is established at Palermo in Sicily. The industrious inhabitant of the *Pinne* is blind and defenceless in its character, and continually annoyed by the *Sepia*, or *Cuttle-Fish*, which is its mortal foe. But a small, quick-sighted crab, is its companion and protector, lodges in its shell, and gives notice of the motions of its foe. When the *Pinne* has need of food, it sends out its faithful purveyor, who returns loaded with provision, and making a slight noise at the door of the shell, is admitted, and shares the banquet with his blind friend. This curious fact did not escape the ancients. Aristotle mentions that the *Pinne* kept a watchful guard which also officiated as caterer,—and Pliny speaks of it as constantly attended by such a companion.

The shell of some species of the *Nautilus* is divided into forty, or more cells, which open into each other by a perforation in the partitions. The animal resides in the largest chamber, and keeps up a communication with the others at pleasure. Fleets of these are seen in fine weather, steering their course on the mighty ocean, with sails expanded to the breeze, and something resembling oars to aid in propelling the wonderful and fragile bark. The art of navigation is said to have owed its origin to the management of this instinctive sailor, and likewise that of the *Argonauta*, who, though furnished with but one apartment, guides his mimic vessel with similar dexterity.

Several species of the *Pelix*, or *Snail*, seal up the mouth of their shells at the approach of winter, and remove the shield when the genial spring returns. The *Caracol Soldato*, or *Soldier-Snail*, is destitute of a shell, and ranges about until he finds an empty one, of which he takes possession. He may be seen with his head and claws, which resemble those of a crab, protruding from his borrowed citadel and inflicting severe and sometimes deadly blows on those who approach too near.—When grown too large for his dwelling, he issues forth in quest of another, and perhaps wounds some defenceless shell fish who may happen to inhabit a more commodious mansion, and appropriates it without scruple to his own use. Similar to the habits of the *Soldier-Snail* are those of the *Hermit-Crab*, who provides himself with a house, by cunning or plunder.

FOR THE ARIEL

TO ORLA,

ON THE QUESTION—"WHY DO WE WEEP?"
Why do we weep? 'tis that we've lost
Our dearest friends below;
'Tis for the love they bore us here,
Our secret tears will flow.

Who sees some loved one yield his breath,
Tho' calm his end appear,
That will not o'er his senseless corse
Let fall affection's tear,

To see within the silent tomb
Our hopes forever laid?—
We know they've sought the realms of bliss,
The will of Heaven obey'd.

But still our hearts will not refuse
The tributary sigh;
Fain would we rest our aching head,
And with the loved one die.

Thou ne'er hast seen a dear loved friend
In everlasting sleep,
Or, Orla, thou couldst never ask
The reason why we weep.

LELIA.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.
AFTER THE MANNER OF HOOD.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, or lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

Behold the book-shelf of a dunce
Who borrows—never lends;
You work, in twenty volumes, once
Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut,"
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are split;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra-gilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left, to be,
Like all the rest, a lone.

I, of my "Spencer" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my "Bacon."

My "Hall" and "Hill" were levelled flat,
But "Moore" was still the cry;
And then, although I threw them "Spratt,"
They swallowed up my "Pye."

O'er every thing, however slight,
They seized some airy trammel;
They snatched my "Hog" and "Fox" one night,
And pocketed my "Campbell."

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last;
Like Hamlet's, backward go;
And as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

I wondered into what balloon
My books their course had bent;
And yet, with all my marvelling, soon
I found my "Marvell" went.

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, while I was out of town,
My "Johnson" proved a Walker.

While studying o'er the fire one day
My "Hobbes," amidst the smoke;
They bore my "Colman" clean away,
And carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more
Than Bramall's patent's worth;
And now my losses I deplore
Without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal;
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
As swiftly went my "Steele."

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went—oppressed,
My "Taylor" too must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
The "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
Oh, where was my "Leigh Hunt?"

I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
Yet could not "Tickell" touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle"—
And surely Mickle's much.

My word's worth little, "Wordsworth" gone,
If I survive its doom;
How many a bard I doated on
Was swept off—with my "Broome!"

My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Doctor Primrose, I may cry,
"My 'Livy' has eloped!"

My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks:
And though I've fixed a lock on "Gray,"
There's grey upon my locks.

I'm far from "Young"—am growing pale—
I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my ail,
"Tis "Burton"!" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For, oh! they've cured me of my "Burns,"
And eased my "Akenside."

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

VARIETIES.

A private letter from Berlin mentions the recent arrival in that city of a Spaniard coming from Siberia, where he had been sent as a prisoner of war in 1815. He had almost forgotten his mother tongue, and it was with difficulty he could make himself understood by the Spanish ambassador at Berlin. He stated that he had left in Siberia, several hundreds of his fellow slaves, living in caverns, and dreadfully mutilated by the peasants.

A doubt arising the other day at Brookes's, respecting the date of the foundation of Algiers, our friend Mr. Rogers observed that their form of government was at all events the most ancient in the world, being antecedent to Adam and nearly coeval with the creation, when "The evening and the morning were the first Dey."

Delicacy.—A young lady, who is known to be rather fastidious in her expressions, being lately at a dinner party, a gentleman who was carving a couple of ducks requested to be informed what part she preferred. His gravity was completely overset when she replied, "I'll trouble you, Sir, for a little of the *bosom*."

Swiftness of Birds.—A German paper speaking of the swiftness of various birds, says, "A vulture can fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour." Observations made on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of 90 miles an hour. The common crow can fly 25 miles, and swallows, according to Spallangain, 92 miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta twenty-four hours after the departure of Henry IV. from Fontainbleau. If true, this bird must have flown for 24 hours at the rate of 57 miles an hour, not allowing him to rest a moment during the whole time.

Great Dividends.—The Louisiana State Insurance Company at New Orleans, declared a dividend on the 7th July last of \$125 per share, or 125 per cent for the six months profit. In January last, the same company paid out 50 per cent for six months; and in July 1829, they paid 50 per cent for six months; making in 18 months 225 per cent, 125 of which has been paid out to the stockholders, and the remaining 100 added to the capital.

The Newbern (N. C.) Spectator, of the 17th ult. says that, "there is not an individual in the town of Newbern, who advocates the South Carolina doctrine of nullification." We have conversed with the wise, the discreet, and patriotic of our citizens, on this subject, without distinction of party, and heard but one general sentiment of execration from them.—*Raleigh Register.*

PUBLISHED
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,
BY EDMUND MORRIS,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN,
NO. 95½ CHESTNUT STREET, P STAIRS,
PHILADELPHIA.
Price, \$1.50 yearly—Payable in advance
A few copies of this Volume, complete from
the commencement, can be furnished.

re-
ing
ris-
ten
he
ish
had
low
til-

es',
ers,
orm
an-
lam
The
y."

n to
eing
was
in-
vity
I'll

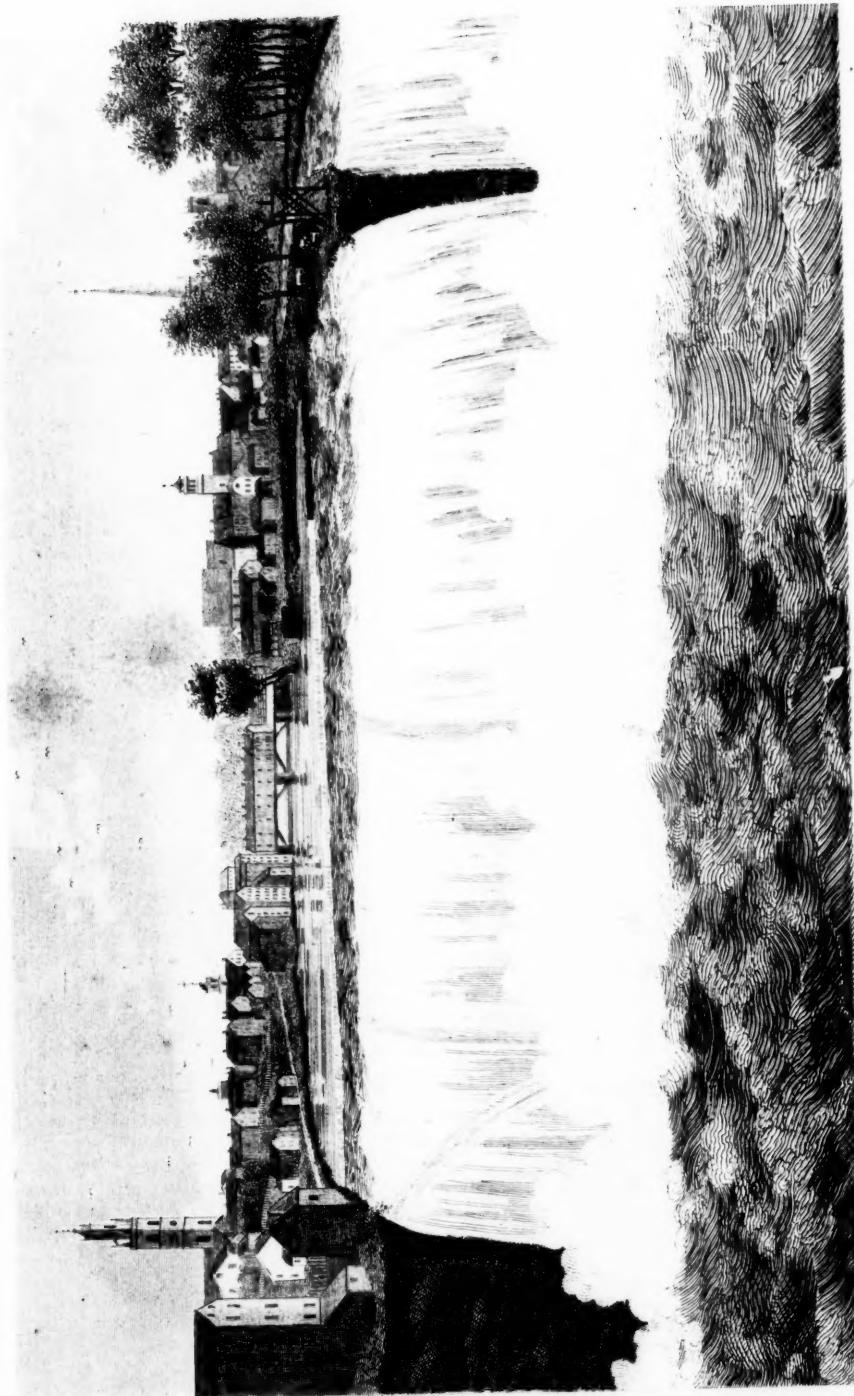
reak-
"A
our."
ador
eese
hour.
wal-
s an
ed at
re of
bird
te of
est a

nsur-
div-
re, or
Jan-
0 per
they
in 18
been
ining

17th
in the
South
have
1 pat-
without
eneral
aleigh

TIX,

e froth



General view of the town of St. Malo, from a distance of 2 miles.